Off Duty

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Leather-clad, off-duty cop Bobby hooks up with club owner Nigel.

Notes

FYI for those sensitive to the language used for trans guys, in this fic the following descriptors are used: cock, t-cock, pussy. Reference to clit, but as in not having one.

Bobby might be an asshole, but that didn't mean he didn't enjoy Pride as much as the next queer guy. He'd probably shoot somebody if he had to hear *Do You Believe in Life After Love* again. And yet people screamed and cheered as soon as it came on at the bar.

Luckily, he left his side-piece and uniform at home for the day. Today he was dressed in a leather vest and harness, leather chaps and a leather jock stacked out with his most impressive packer. He looked more like the cop from *The Village People* than how he did back in his uniform days.

In truth, he quite liked Cher. Just not that fucking song. This place had really gone downhill. This fucking song in a leather bar?

With a huff, Bobby pushed his way out the door whilst fishing cigarettes out of the top pocket of the vest. And that was a fucking mistake. The parade had not long been through, and stragglers were still revelling. He'd had a good view from the large front windows of the bar, which was as close as he'd wanted to get, but now he was up close and personal with revellers pushing past him as he tried to light his cigarette.

With a grumble, he moved through the crowd to the top of the alleyway next to the bar, only to be barged into by a man coming out of the side door of the strip club on the other side of the alley.

"Hey, watch where you're going, buddy," the stranger growled, though there was a light-heartedness to it—that pissed Bobby off more.

On instinct, he grabbed the guy by the collar of his dark shirt and pulled him to a stop.

"How about you mind where you're fucking going!" Bobby started to reprimand, but his words lacked the intended power as he got a good look at the guy. And he was one handsome asshole.

"You a cop?" The stranger asked with a smirk. It brought Bobby back to his senses, and he let go of the man's collar. "Want to run my prints?" He added flirtatiously.

Bobby finally put his cigarette in his mouth and was oddly not surprised when the stranger pulled out a lighter and lit it for him before he had a chance to himself. He took a few drags

and leaned back against the alley wall.

“Why? Sneaking out without paying?” He asked, nodding towards the club’s side exit the stranger had come through.

“Hardly,” he chuckled, “I own the place.” He took out his own cigarette and then leaned forward, his intent clear. He pressed the tip against Bobby’s cigarette and puffed until he was lit.

Bobby had planned to get laid tonight, it was Pride, after all, but he hadn’t anticipated setting that in motion this early on.

“You got a nice office in there, then?” Bobby asked, enjoying the man’s smirk.

“I sure do,” another long, slow drag as they eye fucked each other in the dim light.

“I’d love to see it,” Bobby’s voice was low and gravelly.

“I bet you would,” was the suggestive reply.

“How about a tour,” Bobby suggested, “unless you had other plans.”

The man shook his head as he continued to smoke, holding the cigarette up, “Just came out for a smoke.” He wasn’t even half done but dropped the remainder to the floor and twisted it under his heel. “You wanna come in?”

“Why, is it an impressive office?”

“You fucking bet it is.”

Bobby smirked, flicking his own cigarette across the alleyway. It hit the wall in a tiny shower of sparks before falling to the floor.

“Come on then,” the man said before returning to the side door, expecting Bobby to follow. Which he dutifully did, leather creaking with each step.

“Nigel,” the man said over his shoulder.

Bobby hesitated before replying; giving his name was never something he thought about. It wasn’t as if he purposely withheld it. He just never saw much point in giving it to a quick fuck, a walking dick.

“Bobby,” he eventually replied as they reached the office door.

“Well, Bobby, this is my office.” Nigel opened the door and let Bobby walk ahead, his hand stroking over Bobby’s chapless ass as he walked past.

As soon as Nigel was in, he closed the door with a resounding click, and then he was on Bobby like a starving man.

Their mouths came together instantly, hungrily, as hands roamed and tugged at clothing.

“This is nice,” Nigel murmured as he ran his fingers over the straps of Bobby’s harness. “Very fucking nice. Suits you.”

“Thanks, this is nice too,” Bobby replied as he rubbed his hand over Nigel’s very interested, suit-clad cock.

They were up against the wall then, Bobby turning to face it, pressing his ass back against Nigel’s dick as they kissed over his shoulder.

They were rutting shamelessly against each other. Bobby reached into the pocket of his chaps and pulled out a small packet, passing it behind him.

“Here,” Bobby handed Nigel a condom, “Fuck me.”

Nigel chuckled, smirking again.

“Fuck. Sounds good, gorgeous. Lube?”

“Don’t need it. I’m already really fucking wet.” Bobby rumbled the words, getting impatient.

“You plugged?” Nigel asked. Bobby could hear him unzipping his fly.

“I have a pussy,” Bobby growled, challenging Nigel to take issue with it. “Problem?” Bobby looked over his shoulder.

Nigel was still smirking, and he shook his head, “You transgender then?”

“Problem?” Bobby asked again, ready to lash out.

Nigel held up his hands, “Fuck no. Can’t fucking wait.”

Bobby found himself pressed against the wall, Nigel’s hand cupping his ass and then slipping further around and under until it was inching towards that wetness. Bobby moaned as the fingers pressed against him.

Bobby couldn’t hold back a moan, which Nigel clearly took as encouragement as he pulled Bobby’s jock to the side and slid his fingers against his slick pussy.

“Fuck, you really are wet,” Nigel murmured appreciatively before sliding two fingers inside him.

Bobby grunted and then moaned as the fingers slowly moved, pumping into him and curling against his G-spot.

“Fucking tight too.” Nigel kissed Bobby’s shoulder. “Mmm fuck,” he felt Nigel shudder against him as he purposely clenched around his fingers.

“You gonna fuck me, or what?” Bobby taunted, pushing back once more.

“That’s how it is, huh?” Nigel wasn’t expecting an answer as he pulled his fingers out of Bobby and stepped back.

Bobby was panting with expectation, waiting for the inevitable as he heard Nigel fisting his cock, and then the tearing sound of the condom packet. He heard Nigel spit on his hand or cock and then more wet, fisting sounds.

He felt Nigel close once more and didn’t have time to brace himself before Nigel thrust his thick cock inside him immediately to the hilt.

“FUCK!” Bobby cried out, pushed up onto his toes. “Damn, fuck. Yes…”

“Yeah…” Nigel growled, his hands sliding around Bobby, crossing his chest and grabbing onto the strapping of his harness. He pulled Bobby’s back against his chest and started to slam into him, fucking him hard and rough.

As Nigel fucked him, he pulled tighter on the leather until the straps dug into him. It felt so fucking good that Bobby’s dick throbbed against his packer. He slapped his hands to the wall, bracing himself as Nigel fucked him harder and harder. The sound of the creaking leather made him all the wetter.

“Fucking hell… fuck…” the words were punched out of Bobby with each deep thrust. He hadn’t had it this rough in a while and was almost scared the fucking condom would split at this rate.

“Gonna come? Gonna come on my cock?” Nigel growled against Bobby’s ear.

“Fuck yeah, yes… fuck…” Bobby reached down, pulling at his jock to try and get his hand in there. There wasn’t enough room with his packer in the way, and he had just about managed to pull it out and drop it to the floor when he felt Nigel’s right hand let go of the leather and move immediately down into his now empty jock.

Bobby sucked in a breath as Nigel’s fingers found him wet, drawing back to circle his cock like he might do a clit. Which was definitely not what was between Bobby’s legs. Bobby was about to protest, but then Nigel stopped and slid his fingers to either side of his cock and began to move up and down, jerking him off.

“Fuck, that’s it!” Bobby encouraged, putting both hands back on the wall, bracing himself as Nigel pounded into him and jerked his cock in time until Bobby clenched rhythmically around him. “Gonna come, gonna come,” Bobby chanted, sweat beading on his brow.

Nigel growled against his neck, nuzzling and finally biting down on his shoulder as he shuddered.

Bobby groaned as he came, his whole body shaking and his legs weakening. He collapsed further into the wall as Nigel thrust again and again, grunting as he did so until he slammed home one more time and shuddered even harder as he exploded with a groan.

Bobby's climax continued to rip through him, milking Nigel until they were both entirely spent.

"Fuck," Nigel mouthed at Bobby's neck. "Best cigarette break I've ever taken."

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"Hey, Bronson," Bobby looked up from his desk as the sergeant walked towards him with a file, throwing it on his desk. "You can take this one."

There was a shit-eating grin on the sergeant's face because he was a fucking asshole, and Bobby already knew what to expect. And sure enough, when he flipped over the file cover, he saw that the case was in the Gay Village. So, of course, they give it to the queer cop. Assholes.

Expecting another hate crime, Bobby frowned as he scanned through the information. It wasn't a homicide case. It was a narcotics case. It wasn't even for him, the sarg was just fucking with him, and he'd have to walk it over to the narcotics team.

He was just about to close the file when he noted the address.

A familiar address. A nightclub next door to a leather bar.

Bobby's lips tweaked at the corners, and he wondered if he shouldn't just pop along with the narcotics team in case of any trouble. Or perhaps he'd go on his own, off-duty. And clad in very functional wipe-clean leather.

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